

Just... Not Eddie

Eddie and Richie - I

Phelpsgirlxxx

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Summary:

Bev and Eddie are taken, and Richie just can't take it. Just don't take Eddie.

Just... Not Eddie

Author's Note:

Hi,

These two are adorable and this isn't a romance unless you want to perceive it to be I guess. It's a friendship mainly.

Please read and review. I really appreciate it.

Eddie stared angrily at his Mother. She had lied to him, manipulated him, caused an onslaught of excessive anxiety and he didn't know what to do. She was the only family he had, and yet he was beginning to doubt everything she had ever told him.

Did she really love him?

Did he have asthma? An allergy to grass? Any medical issues at all?

Doctors had lied to him, and he just wasn't sure what to do. In a world where a bully, a mean spirited and cruel bully, was the only one to tell him the truth, Eddie didn't know what to do. Who was he to believe?

Who was right?

"THESE ARE GAZEBOS!" Eddie screamed, frustration bursting free as he threw the pill bottle to his Mother's feet. The red and blue capsules bounced against the floor, scattering as the plastic tub shattered with the force.

His Mother stared at him.

"Eddie, no please." She pleaded, hurriedly trying to move towards him, trying to gain forgiveness from her son.

It was too much, too quick, Eddie barely knew what happened.

His Mother had been hurrying towards him and the next thing he

knew, she was passed out on the floor. Eddie gasped, crouching to check over his now still Mother.

She didn't seem particularly injured other than a small bump on the back of her head. Her breathing was steady and regular, reassuring Eddie.

Eddie sighed with relief as he moved, turning around, wanting to ring an ambulance. It was then that he found himself face to face with the clown.

Spit ran down its chin and his eyes lit up yellow with satisfaction at its next victim.

"Boo!" It giggled before the world went dark.

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"W-w-where is he?" Bill asked, as Richie paced nervously next to him, their fight long forgotten.

"Bev's gone, he can't be gone too, can he?" Richie asked, uncharacteristically serious.

"Maybe his Mom wouldn't let him come?" Ben suggested.

"Just... Just not Eddie." Richie whispered.

"I'm sure he's fine." Stan tried.

"I'll go check on him. He doesn't live too far from here..." Richie said, eyes glinting with a mixture of worry and determination.

"W-we'll all go."

"But?"

"We'd have to go that way anyway, it makes sense. Also if it's still there, well it's best not to be alone." Mike agreed.

"There's no time to waste." Richie said, hurriedly launching himself on to his bike.

The Losers Club rode in silence, each of them filled with steely determination. They knew the plan was to sneak Eddie out in the best case scenario. Eddie was loyal, they knew he would want to come. It wouldn't have been the first time that the group had to steal him away from his overbearing Mother, and it was surely not going to be the last. It was the most serious situation they'd ever found themselves in however.

The door to the Kaspbrak house was open as they approached, the summer breeze making the door bounce off the side of the porch every few seconds.

"It might be nothing. Maybe they just left the door open, to let air in, you know?" Ben tried.

He seemed aware that there were slim chances that Eddie would still be inside. If the front door was open, Eddie would have made a break for it. Eddie would have come to them. They would have seen him on the way.

Eddie was gone.

"Let's ch- check."

The Losers Club headed inside and were met with the still figure of Sonia Kaspbrak, laying on the floor.

Bill ran over, checking her pulse.

"She's f-f-fine." He said, clear relief spreading across his face.

"Are we just going to leave her here?" Stan asked.

None of them could think of another quick solution that would work otherwise. None of them wanted to go and fight the clown, but neither did they want to be there to face Eddie's Mother's wrath when she realised her son was gone.

"Sh-she'll be fine."

"Yeah, what's important now is Eddie." Richie firmly told the Losers.

"And Bev." Ben reiterated.

"Yes, yes and Bev." Richie agreed hurriedly.

"Let's go."

"Eddie please. Wake up!" Bev muttered, eyes darting around the dark and dingy sewer, worried. She continued to shake him, until he was roused, his eyes watery and terrified once he had taken in his surroundings.

"Bev?"

"Yeah. We need to get out of here. Quickly."

Eddie nodded, attempting to follow but tripping over his number feet.

"Hurry Eddie."

The two glanced at the hatch on the other side of the sewer, and Bev grabbed Eddie's hand, pulling him along with her.

The two pounded in the door, realising there was no way they could use it to escape. It was locked. Bev could feel Eddie trembling next to her, and she worried for the boy. Looking at him, she was sure that he didn't have all the disorders and illnesses his Mother claimed.

But anxiety, or at least some form of it?

Bev was sure he did.

In the background, weird, slow carnival music began to play, leaving the two children on edge. The two, hands still clasped tightly, refusing to let go, worriedly turned to look at where the noise was coming from.

"INTRODUCING PENNYWISE, THE DANCING CLOWN!"

The two stared at him as he danced, and Eddie couldn't help thinking

that Richie would find it difficult not to laugh at the scene before him, no matter how worried he was.

Bev nudged him, and he followed her line of sight to another grate.

It was open.

The two darted as the clown continued to dance. However the clown darted towards them, strong enough to hold both of them in place, preventing their escape.

"Fear, ooh amazingly tasty fear." The clown cooed sadistically.

"We're not afraid of you." Bev spat in its face.

"Oh really? Is that true Eds?" The clown grinned.

Eddie froze at the use of Richie's nickname for him. It made him feel sick that a name, that usually made him feel safe, even if he would endlessly say he hated it, being used by the fucking clown.

"Yes."

Eddie gulped as the clown held them and the world once again faded away.

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Georgie.

It was the choice between his beloved brother, his Georgie and his friends. He felt guilty, he did, but he knew the others were coming for Bev and Eddie. No one was coming for Georgie. He was the only one who really cared.

He had to save his brother.

"I'll be b-back guys." He whispered as he chased after his little brother.

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"EDDIE!" Richie screamed, looking at his small friend, floating,

grasping Bev's hand tightly in his own. They both looked calm, but there were dry tear stains on Eddie's cheeks, and Richie's heart constricted.

He needed to help his friend.

Mike lifted Ben and Stan lifted Richie, and together they pulled down their floating friends, before forcefully pulling their clasped hands apart.

Richie collapsed on the floor, pulling Eddie on to his lap, shaking him, and musing his hair as he tried to wake his friend up. To the left of him, Ben was in the same predicament, shaking his beloved Ben frantically, screaming when she wouldn't wake up.

"Eds please. Wake up. I'll do anything, I promise. I'll let you ride my bike? I'll give you back your comics! I'll buy you as many ice creams as you could ever possibly want. Please Eds." Richie sobbed in to his friends hair.

The smaller boy, still dazed, didn't respond.

"Richie."

Richie looked up from where he had buried his face in to Eddie's hair, just wanting his friend to wake up.

"Bev? You're awake! How did you wake up?"

"Ben kissed her." Mike told him.

It was barely a decision.

Richie hurriedly planted a kiss on Eddie's lips, dazedly thinking that Eddie was his first kiss. The kiss woke Eddie from his deep trance. He was shaking in Richie's arms, and he turned as they stood, before burying his face in to the taller boys chest.

"Where's Bill?" Bev asked, breaking the silence that had fallen over the group as they watched the reunion between Richie and Eddie.

"BILL!"

The group moved, in search of their friend, and Richie kept close to his small friend, knowing how fearful he was, but knowing how brave his friend intended to be.

"BILL!" Stan screamed as they found their leader.

Richie wasn't paying attention, keeping a close eye on Eddie. He wanted to make sure his younger, though barely younger, friend was going to be okay. Eddie was an anxious guy, and with everything that was happening, there was no way to know how he was going to react.

Richie was startled back to his senses as the sound of a gun shot echoed around the chamber.

On the floor lay Georgie's body, a bullet from Mike's cattle gun in his head. Bill stood stock still staring at the gun he held in his hand.

There was an uneasy silence as Bill began to doubt his decision.

What if that was really Georgie? There was no way Bill would be able to live with himself if he had been the one to actually kill his brother. Was It that fucked up that it would make that happen?

The answer was obvious.

It was with a weird sort of relief that Georgie's body finally began turning in to the clown. He was thankfully that he had finally got the chance to fight the fucking clown.

"WELCOME TO THE LOSERS CLUB ASSHOLE."

It should have never messed with Eddie. It should never have messed with his friends.

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The ensuing battle was hectic, and when it was finally over, it was much to their relief that they collapsed to their knees, breathing heavily and surrounding the sobbing Bill, who was holding Georgie's dirtied, bloody yellow rain jacket in his filthy hands.

Relief finally flooded through Richie.

It was over.

It was finally over.